Vol. II. Numb. 97.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Friday November 11th. to Wednesday November 16th. 1709.

N. B. NEXT Week our *Quarter's Book* will be Publiſh'd, which contains greater Variety of Curious Subjects than any yet ſet forth by us: Alſo ſome words ſet to Muſick, and all parts of the Muſick inſerted.

Q. Pray, Gentlemen, be pleas'd to favor me, in your next, with an Anſwer to the ſubſequent Query, viz. When is a Man ſaid to be fit to dye? Your Humble Servant, N. G.

A. In order to our Preparation for Death (and for this we ſhou'd be Conſtantly Prepar'd, ſince we know not, but it may ſteal upon us *as a Thief in the Night*, may ſeize us by Surprize, while we think not of it, and Hurry us in a moment to the Terrible Tribunal of our Awful Judg. Nay, tho' it ſhou'd give us Warning of it's Dreadful Summons, by a Previous Harbinger, by a Fit of Sickneſs, yet a Death Bed Repentance is too *Sandy a Foundation* to Build Eternity upon; Eternity, which deſerves ſure to be Founded *on a Rock?*) in order, we ſay, to our Preparation for ſo Important a ſeaſon as that of our Departure hence, of our Tranſlation to an Unchangeable State, we muſt Blot out the Handwriting upon the Wall, which denounces ſuch amazing Severity (for *who can Dwell with Everlaſting Burnings?*) againſt our Former Sins; we muſt Blot it out by a True, a Sincere Repentance, a Repentance, whoſe Principal Ingredients are to *Ceaſe to do Evil*, and to *Learn to do Well*; a Repentance produc'd by *a Godly Sorrow*, and conſequently *not to be Repented of.* We muſt Forbear all manner of Habitual Sin, and, in Imitation of *Zachariah* and his Wife *Elizabeth*, *Walk* (tho' not according to the Standard of Perfection, to which a mere Mortal did never yet arrive, yet according to the Meaſures of Sincerity) *Walk in all the Commandments of the Lord Blameleſs.* And when at any time we Unhappily fall into Actual Sin (from which we muſt Guard our ſelves with the Utmoſt Vigilance and Caution) we muſt immediately Bewail our Guilt, immediately Retrieve our Fall, and not ſuffer *the Sun to go down upon* any of our Tranſgreſſions. And becauſe leſſer Miſcarriages, Miſcarriages ſtil'd by the Caſuiſts, Sins of Daily Incurſion (which yet we muſt endeavour to Subdue to the Utmoſt of our Power) are Inſeparable to Frail Mortality. Theſe we muſt conſtantly attone by a General Repentance; a Repentance concluded by that Excellent Petition of the Pſalmiſt; *who can tell, how oft he offendeth? O Cleanſe thou me from my ſecret Faults.* We need not add, that we muſt Wean our Affections from the World, muſt center our Deſires in Celeſtial Objects, and have *our Converſation in Heaven*, ſince this is included in that Univerſal Obedience already ſpecified. But it may not be improper to obſerve, that we muſt carefully refrain from Sins, not only of *Commiſſion*, but of *Omiſſion* too (ſuch as the Inexcuſeable Neglect of *Aſſembling our ſelves together*, of Partaking of the Bleſſed Sacrament, *as the manner of ſome is*, and ſuch like Forbearances) ſince many are too ready to content themſelves with a Partial Conformity to the Will of God, with a Conformity Purely Negative. And as the Goſpel has joyn'd the Articles of Faith to the Duties of Practical Obedience, the *Credenda* to the *Agenda* of Religion, ſo, what the Goſpel *has joyn'd together*, we muſt not be ſo Preſumptuous as *to put aſunder.* For how can we ſwerve from *the Faith, which was once Deliver'd to the Saints*, and be Guiltleſs?

And now, if, with regard to the preceeding Particulars, *our Hearts Condemn us not*, Then *we may have Confidence towards God*, tho' yet a Confidence Depending on the *Blood of the Lamb*, on the Merits of the Croſs. Then we may go off the Stage with an Hope full of Bliſs and Immortality, full of Comfort and Aſſurance for ever. Then we may reaſonably expect, that a Melodious *Plaudite* will attend our *Exit*; that a Charming, a Tranſporting *Euge* will Salute our Entrance into our Maſter's Joy. *Happy* is the Man, *that is in ſuch a Caſe*; *yea, Bleſſed* is the Man, that in ſuch a manner *has the Lord for his God.* This is to be Maſter of *Baalam's* Wiſh; That is, to Dye the Death of the Righteous, to have a Latter End like His.

Q. May not the Motion of a Spirit, from one place to another (tho' at the greateſt diſtance) be performed in the leaſt Moment of Time?

A. With what Celerity of Motion Spirits are endued is what we cannot pretend to ſay any

thing to, and therefore cannot Determin, what quantity of Space they are able to paſs over in that quantity of Time, which is uſually meant by the Term Moment. But ſince by adding the Epithet *Leaſt* to the word *Moment* you ſeem to intend the leaſt Particle of Time, we are oblig'd to tell you, that there is no ſuch thing as a Leaſt Particle in Time, ſince Time, as well as Matter, is Infinitely Diviſible. But however, on ſuppoſition, that there were a Leaſt Particle in Time, it is Demonſtrable, that a Spirit cannot in that Time move it ſelf from the Diſtance ſpecified in the Queſtion. For ſince Motion is ſucceſſive, it follows, that the Spirit muſt paſs over half of that Space in half of that Time. Whence you ſee, that there is a Portion of Time (unleſs you will allow Half to be as Big as the Whole) Leſs.

Q. *What were the* Spolia Opima *taken notice of in Roman Authors?*

A. The *Spolia Opima* or *Royal Spoils*, were the Spoils taken from a King ſlain in Battle, and laid up as Sacred in the Capitol dedicated principally to *Jupiter Feretrius*. The firſt *Spolia Opima* were obtain'd by *Romulus* himſelf, upon the Conqueſt of *Acron* (King of the two Cities *Cænina* and *Antemna*) whom he had the fortune to ſlay in a Single Combat. The ſecond redounded to the Honor of *Cornelius Coſſus*, in the Year of the City 316, and about 311 Years after the former. For *Coſſus* (a Tribune or Colonel in the Army under *Mamercus Æmilius* the Dictator) bravely ſlew *Tolumnius* King of the *Veientes*. There was ſomewhat a Leſs Interval between the Second and Third, which the Conſul *Claudius Marcellus* (about the Year of the City 530) gain'd from *Virdomarus*, King of the *Geſſatæ*, a People of the Trans-Alpine Gaul.

Q. *I have a Cask of Liquor which hath three Taps in it, namely*, A. B. C. *A will run a Hogſhead in 6 Hours*, B *will run a Hogſhead in 9 Hours*, C *will run a Hogſhead in 12 Hours. Now, if all three run together, in what time will they run one Hogſhead?*

A. The time will be 2 Hours $\frac{2}{11}$.

Q. *Whence came the Original of uſing the word* Pledge *in Drinking?*

A. The Cuſtom of uſing this word, is thought to ariſe from the following occaſion. When *Hengiſt* and his *Saxons* were drove out of this Nation, *Vortigern* was reeſtabliſh'd in the Kingdom, who was married to *Rowena* Daughter to *Hengiſt*, *Hengiſt* (relying upon his Son *Vertigern*'s Love) attempted with a great Army to return into the Iſland, but upon being reſiſted, made a Specious Shew, as if he deſign'd only to take away his Daughter *Rowena*, and to have a friendly Conference for the Continuation of Amity. The Motion appearing Reaſonable, a Place and time is appointed, being the firſt of *May*, on the Plane of *Ambrii*, now call'd *Salisbury*. The *Britains* accordingly (ſuſpecting no Fraudulent Deſign) came unarm'd, whereas the deceitful *Saxons* had ſhort Skeynes under their long Caſſock, who, upon the word given, fell upon the unarm'd *Britains*, and ſlew between 4 and 500 of their Nobility. After which treacherous Uſage, it became a Cuſtom of the *Britains*, that when any Drank, he bow'd to a Friend, who anſwer'd, I will *Pledge* you, meaning thereby he would be a Pledge or Security, that none cut his Throat whilſt he was Drinking.

Q. *When did the Roman Cuſtom of Fire and Water in their Nuptial Solemnities begin?*

A. It began at the beginning of the Reign of *Romulus* (the Founder of *Rome*) at which time the *Romans* violently ſeiz'd the *Sabins* and other Virgins, who came out of Curioſity to View the New City and behold the Publick Games inſtituted in honor of *Neptune*.

Q. Apollo, *That the Price of Wheat is of late exceedingly advanc'd is a Truth too evident to be deny'd by any, tho' the cauſe or reaſon thereof is not ſo univerſally agreed upon. Some imputing it to a failure in the Crop, others to a large Exportation of that Grain; but there are a third Sort, who pretending to be wiſer than all the reſt, will have it to be a mere Trick of the Bakers, Mealmen, &c. on purpoſe to get Money.*

Now, Gentlemen, we don't in the leaſt doubt of your Capacity to determin who's in the right on't, and conſequently to give us the true cauſe of the preſent Exceſſive Price of Wheat, &c. *which, as it may be of Uſe to the Publick, ſo will highly oblige, Gentlemen, Your Admirer and Obedient Servant*, R. R,

A. We think the high Price owing to ſeveral Cauſes, in part to the large Exportation, alſo, tho' the Crop was in general indifferent good, yet (what few take norice of) laſt Seed time was not good, inſomuch that many at great expence were forc'd to Sow their Ground over again; but we think it chiefly owing to thoſe Infringers of our Laws Her Majeſty's Proclamation took norice of. As for a Combination of Mealmen, Bakers, &c. tho' that might have leſs ſhare in it, we cannot wholly clear them from holding it higher than there is juſt occaſion, ſince it is certain, that the Market-price is generally fallen in the Country.

Q. Monſieur Apollo, *Me will tell a new won Story, to de grand deſpondeur of a your Country, and dat is dis, me am won of dose Gentlemen dey call de Vallets and me do de favour to won Englis Gentelman to live wid him. It did ſo hap, me did caſt a my affection upon won old a Maid in de houſe dey call* Dorcas, *and did get a her vid Shild, vor vidſh de (vat you cal dem) Shurtch Vaden mauk a me pay ten Pounds vor my Pains; now be not dis ver barbarous, ver my Compaſſion on de old a Maid, and vor maukin de Queen won Subject, me did tink dey wou'd have given a me twenty Pounds at de leaſt vor de Curtiſe.*

A. Monſieur Vallet, You be won of de grand Vools, dat not know ven dey be vel us'd, you pay de ten Pounds, ver good, you ought a to pay won hundred Pounds for deſpoiling de Britiſh Race. You git de *Shild*, you git the Ape, de Antick, de Baboon, dat can cringe and mauk a de Grimace. You git de Shubject! you git de Crackers dat vil bounce and ſtink a mid den vaniſh, or if dey have de Courage, it lies all in dere Heels, vor dey voud kill any det ſtop a dem, ven dey run away, or if dey ſtand, it is becauſe a dey dare not run vor vear of de Allies at dere Tails. Tey ner vight but ven in de Trench or de Vortreſs vere none can get at a dem, den dey vil peep drough de leeter hole and bounce de Gun. Now, if *Dorcas* had not met vid your Vorſhip, ſhe might have got de bold *Britain*, dat might ave took *Lewis de Grand* by de Beard; derevore you be ver well us'd, dat you pay no more den ten Pounds vor your Pains.

If the Author of the Letter relating to a Patent for an extraordinary Undertaking, will let us know how to direct to him, he may be adviſ'd concerning his Publication of it.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

POEMS.

Q. *IF ever Pity touch'd your Gen'rous Breaſt,*
If e'er your Heart Love's mighty pow'r confeſs'd,
As ſure it did when charming Daphne's *Eyes,*
Cou'd with reſiſtleſs Force Apollo's *ſelf ſurprize;*
Hear me, Bright God, Oh! hear a Wretched Swain,
Nor let him at your Altars ſue in vain. To

Tis Fair Lucretia's *Charms a Captive made,*
Long had I at her Feet my Homage paid;
Twice twelve revolving Moons my Faith proclaim,
And ſtill I lov'd, and ſtill I was the ſame.
At length my Pray'rs, my Vows at length were heard,
And ſoft Compaſſion in her Looks appear'd.
The Tender Maid my Conſtancy approv'd,
And the Dear Charmer bluſhing own'd She lov'd.
Divine Aurora *looks not half ſo bright,*
When Phœbus *diſſipates the Shades of Night,*
And paints the Skies with ruddy Streaks of Light.
Speak all ye Fountains, ſay ye Verdant Groves,
Ye conſcious Scenes of our once happy Loves;
Ye fragrant Flow'rs and Plants, which heard her ſwear,
Speak and condemn the faithleſs, perjur'd Fair.
Gods! *how She ſooth'd me with her flatt'ring Tongue,*
When round her lovely Waiſt my Arms I flung,
And to my throbbing Heart the falſe Seducer clung.
The Sun (*She cry'd*) *ſhall ſooner loſe his Light,*
And veil the aſtoniſh'd World in Ancient Night,
Sooner ſhall Streams *back to their* Fountains *flow,*
Than e'er our mutual Flame a Change ſhall know.
The Sun *may be eclips'd,* Streams *quit their Courſe,*
And when repell'd by a Superior Force,
May wander backward to their Native Source.
Such things have been in this and Ages paſt,
But yet my Love *for thee ſhall ever laſt.*
Hear me Great Jove, *and all ye Pow'rs above,*
Oh! may my Wiſhes ne'er propitious prove,
If e'er I any Swain except Philander *love.*
Thus ſpoke the Tempting, Falſe, Deluding Fair,
Ten Thouſand Cupids *in her Eyes, and* Syrens *in her Air,*
Woo that had heard her, cou'd his Ruin ſhun,
I ſaw, believ'd, and was too ſoon undone.
For now, oh! now, She's yeilded all her Charms,
A willing Victim to another's Arms.
Phœbeans *then, you who in moving Strains,*
Fill with Immortal Pleaſures all our Veins,
Teach me to bear and to deſpiſe my Fate,
Oh! teach me to forget this Falſe (yet Dear) Ingrate.

A. Cou'd Fair *Lucretia* hear your Melting Strains,
And not Impetuous *Love* flow through her Veins.
So ſweet they move, and yet ſo full of Fire,
They'd melt a *Veſtal* into warm Deſire.
Not *Philomel* ſo ſoft, when in the Grove,
With tuneful Lays, She Charms the *God of Love,*
Like Lambent Flames in our Minds they play,
Then Gently ſteal our Liſt'ning Souls away.
Cou'd Fair *Lucretia* Conſcious of theſe Charms,
Withſtand the Infl'ence of their Loud Alarms;
Ah! no——She gave them Empire in her Breaſt,
And by her yeilding, all their Pow'rs confeſs'd.
She *Lov'd,* but *Treacherous* to all her Vows,
Her wav'ring Heart no *Conſtancy* allows;
She *Lov'd,* becauſe alas! it was in vain,
For all her *Forces* to reſiſt the *Swain;*
But like the *Perſian Bow* 'gainſt Nature bent,
She was *Compel'd* to what She never meant.
Rejoyce *Philander* then, the *Gods* regard
Their *Favorite* and his Vertues will Reward,
They through the *Gilded Form* the *Fiend* cou'd ſee,
And knew her Abject Soul unworthy Thee,
That She, who cou'd be *Falſe,* wou'd *Falſe* for ever be.
Auſpicious therefore, e'er it was too Late,
Th' unmask'd the *Syren* and retriev'd your Fate.
The *Miſerable Rival* of thy Love,
May more thy *Pity* than thy *Envy* move,
Whilſt She was Innocent and free from Taint,
And whilſt her *Mutual Flames* confeſs'd the *Saint,*
Her Vertues all were thine, when thoſe were loſt,
Thy *Rival* Nothing, but her *Guilt* cou'd Boaſt.

Q. *This Proverb many Mouths hath fill'd,*
That Men with Kindneſs may be kill'd,
Apollo, *pray Inform my Blindneſs,*
How 'tis, that one may Kill with Kindneſs.

A. This Proverb from the Apetook Birth,
The fondeſt Animal on Earth,
Who by Embraces oft and Dandles,
His little Scaramouches ſtrangles.
And thus ſome fooliſh People fancy,
That if their Couſin *Kate* or *Nancy,*
Tho' ſick to death the little Fubs,
Or only ſick o'th' Mulligrubs,
She needs muſt eat, or on the ſudden,
She'll ſurely *give the Crow a Pudding,*
So preſs down Meat, when that perhaps
Alone does kill her by relapſe.
Fond Mothers ſo their little Dears
Indulge in Vice to riper Years,
Whereas at firſt a good ſound Banging,
Might afterwards prevent their Hanging.

Q. Apollo *IL-luſtrious,*
By Care MOST *Induſtrious,*
A Deſcription * of Light *has eſſay'd;*
But his Terms are ſo dark,
You can ſee ne'er a Spark,
So himſelf is Eclyps'd I'm afraid.

And if it be ſo,
That himſelf he can't ſhow,
What reaſon have we to believe,
That He can diſcover
What Darkneſs do's cover,
He's Opake, and do's nought but deceive.

* Anſwer to laſt Q. of *Supernumerary Paper* for this Month of *November.*

A. Thou *MAG-nify'd* Wit,
Who with thy *Tongue ſlit,*
Doſt chatter thy Ignorance to us,
Thou'ſt no juſt pretence
To half of their Senſe,
Who by *Satyr* have hopes to undo us. Such

Such *Terms* to the *Wife*,
Lye plain to their Eyes,
Tho' the *Dunce* little Profit thence gains;
And tho' we are bound,
To give Reasons sound,
We are not to furnish with Brains.

Any may have the Quarterly Books *with the Musick in them, or most of the other Single Papers to make up Sets, or* Indexes *to the First Volume, to find what Questions have been answer'd (by directing to the Printers) brought home to their Houses.*

SIR,

WE have no Foreign News for want of Males. Kinsale, Nov. 4. We receiv'd an Express on Monday from Capt. Maynard, Commander of Her Majesty's Ship the Hampshire, at Baltimore, dated the 2d instant, Guiving an Account, That that Morning early, he fell in with 7 Sail of French Men of War, near Cape Clear, and that he was engag'd with the French Commodore, a Ship of 64 Guns 3 Hours, in which Action he had about 20 Men kill'd and 15 wounded, and having receiv'd much damage in her Hull, Masts, and Rigging, and the Enemy being much superior in Force, he made the best of his way to Baltimore, where he was Tow'd in their by the Country People and their Boats. On Saturday last, the Commissioners of the Revenue, sent down a Surveyor and 16 Tidewaters to this place, to prevent the landing of any Goods from on board the 5 East-India Ships, which had the good fortune to escape the 7 French Men of War, as above mention'd.

London, Nov. 16. On Saturday Night last, Mr. Auberry, the Queen's Coachmaker died.

Mrs. Yelverton, Daughter to the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Longueville, is made one of the Maids of Honor, in the Room of Mrs. Hales, lately married to Mr. Vice-Chamberlain Cook.

Last Week, Mr. Dawson, of Brithelmstone, a Custom-House Officer, seiz'd, at New-Cross, near Deptford, several Pieces of Lustring, to the Value of between 5 and 600 *l.* and carried them to the Queen's Warehonse in the Customs.

When his Grace the Duke of Marlborough landed at Alborough, there came over about 250 Officers to recruit Her Majesty's Forces in Flanders.

On Saturday Morning last, Edward Hele, Esq; formerly Member of Parliament for Plympton in Devonshire died; he left an Estate of 3000 l. per Annum. Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

All are desired to direct their Letters (Superscrib'd for the *British Apollo*) to be left at Mr. *Carters*, at the *Rose* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, at Mr. *Bickerton's*, at the *Rose* and *Crown* in *Little Britain*, or at the Printers hereof; either with Questions, Subscriptions, or for Indexes to our first Volume, which contains between 2 and 3000 Answers to Questions, for we shall not take notice of such Questions again as have been answer'd therein. Our Rates are, 2 *s.* *per* Quarter for the Weekly. 2 *s.* 6 *d*, with the Monthly, and the Quarterly Books 6 *d.* apiece. Those who come in within the Quarter, to pay at Quarter-day 1 *d.* apiece for each they have had. No Questions out of the Country will be answer'd but where the Postage is paid.

Books of Guards for keeping the Papers in at 2 *s.* each, and Single Sheets to make up Sets, may be had on directing as above.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF Mr. TURRER, *who set all the Musick for the* BRITISH APOLLO.

AT Stationer's-Hall on Tuesday the 29th of this Instant November, will be perform'd an *EXTRAORDINARY CONSORT OF MUSICK*, consisting of Songs for one, two and three Voices (particularly those set for the *BRITISH APOLLO*) besides several full Pieces of Musick for Trumpets, Hautboys, *&c.* The Tickets may be had at Mr. Walsh's Her Majesties Servant in Katherine-street against Somerset house, at 2 *s.* 6 *d.* apiece. Note, whereas there was some time since mention made of a Consort in the *BRITISH APOLLO*, the Authors thereof are not the least concern'd in this, which is wholly at the Charge of the said Mr. *Turner.*

WHereas I *Sawell Latham*, Daughter of *Arnold Latham*, of the Parish of St. *Dunstans in the West*, in the Liberty of the Rolls, in the County of *Middlesex*, having for many Years been troubled with a Distemper in my Eyes, which oblig'd me to make my Application to several that professed themselves Oculists, which I did for many Years without any success, notwithstanding which I had almost lost the Sight of one of my Eyes, 'till hearing of the many Cures perform'd by Mr. *Grant*, OCULIST. I made my Application to him, who according to his Promise, in a little Time, and for a small Charge, removed the Cause, and restored me to Sight. To the Truth of which I am ready to make Oath. Witness my Hand, *Sawell Latham.* Witnesses, *Corn Cox*, *Robert Winkfield.*

THE 2d Edition of Mr. *Hill's* History of the Ottoman Empire in all it's Branches, with the Government, Policy, Religion, Customs and way of Living of the Turks in general, Illustrated with several Copper Cuts on each Material Head, with a New Preface, and several Copies of Verses in Praise of the Book, written by some of the most Ingenious Men of the Age, Printed in the same Letter and on as good Paper as the 1st Edition, will be Publish'd the first of December next. The Printer thereof having the Propriety of this Edition, and the Charges of which being lessen'd by the Cuts being already Ingrav'd, all Gentlemen and Booksellers therefore may have them at a more moderate Price, Bound or Unbound, by J. Mayo, over against Water lane End in Fleet-street.

AT the Hand and Pen in Barbican, are Taught Writing in all Hands, Merchant's-Accompts, Book-keeping, Algebra, Geometry, Measuring, Surveying, Gauging, Mechanics, Fortification, Gunnery, Navigation, Dialing, and other parts of the Mathematics; also the use of the Globes and Maps, after a Natural, Easy and Concise Method, without burthen to the Memory. By Robert Arnold.

THE only True Purging Essential Salt of Scurvy-Grass, the pleasantest Physick in the World, which effectually eradicates that reigning Disease: It purges gently by Stool, never Vomits, but works pleasant, free, and easie, without Sickness, or almost any Disorder: It cools and refreshes Nature, cleanses the Body and Blood of all Filth, corroborates both, invigorates the Spirits, restores lost Stomachs, carries off the Remains of bad Wines, and is immediately necessary on all Occasions that require Purging: It's needless to say, it cures the Scurvy, Gout, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Jaundice, Green-sickness, Hypocondriac Melancholly, *&c.* for it opens all Obstructions in the Liver, Spleen and Gall. Powerfully resists Putrefaction, is Diuretick, helps Digestion, kills Worms, and brings them away both in Children and adult Persons. Is only Sold by Mr. Harrison, at a Wax Chandlers's at the White Hart in the Poultry; and at Mrs. Cole's, at the Dial and Two Crowns, Toyshop, against St Dunston's Church, Fleet-street; at 1 *s.* an Ounce, Seal'd up with Printed Directions.

LOST about the Cockpit near St. James's Park, a small Spaniel Bitch. She has a short Head, long Liver-color'd Ears, several Spots of the same Color about her Body, and motled about her Nose and Legs. If the Person who found it will bring it to Mr. Nash, next the Blue Posts in St. Martin's lane shall have a Crown reward.

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Press*, against *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-street*. Where Advertisements are Taken in.